

14. *True.* This is particularly apt to happen in the blacksnake's breeding-season.

15. *True.* The bee survives only briefly after implanting its sting.

16. *False.* Many common dog-ailments other than hydrophobia cause such symptoms, and in actual cases of hydrophobia these symptoms may not occur at all.

17. *False.* No housefly, either male or female, can sting.

18. *False.* It is moths that encase their chrysalids in cocoons.

19. *True.* This song of the males is particularly noticeable at dusk and in cloudy weather.

20. *True.* The wing-covers are scraped against each other very much as a bow is scraped against a fiddle-string.

21. *False.* Toads do secrete a mild poison, but it is not poisonous to human beings and it does not cause warts.

22. *False.* This old saying is entirely without basis in fact.

23. *False.* The porcupine is not capable of throwing its quills.

24. *True.* This is one of the strangest life-cycles in nature.

25. *False.* The earwig is a harmless little nocturnal insect which, despite its name, has no inclination to enter the human ear.

26. *True.* Firefly-light, unlike man-made light, does not make heat.

27. *True.* Even fish, freshly caught in a brook, are usually thus washed before being eaten.

28. *True.* No other fish is known to live in fresh water and breed in the sea, but such is the habit of eels.

29. *True.* The cowbird surreptitiously deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds and lets the other birds brood them.

30. *False.* Dragon-flies cannot sting at all.

31. *False.* The silverfish is the tiny little wiggler that housewives find in dark closets and between the pages of old books.

32. *False.* Hemlock knots are nearly as hard as glass, and you will be well advised to keep your axe-blade out of them.

33. *False.* All these woods when green are almost completely non-inflammable.

34. *False.* It is the fly-eggs deposited in late fall and hatching in the spring which make possible the continuance of the fly-tribe from one year to the next.

35. *False.* Oak leaves have no effect whatever on the potability of water.

36. *False.* Although skunks are sometimes called "Hydrophobia Cats" or "Phoby Cats," their bite is no more likely to cause rabies than the bite of any other animal.

37. *False.* This is an old but wholly baseless belief.

38. *True.* This is one of the most remarkable of ant-customs.

39. *True.* The screams of frogs are known to every woodsman.

40. *False.* This is a piece of nature-fakery which has found its way into

literature but is nevertheless quite untrue.

41. *True.* This curious habit has been the subject of much speculation among ornithologists.

42. *False.* Woodchucks emerge from their hibernation at various dates, depending upon weather and numerous other factors. Groundhog Day is faithfully observed only by the newspapers.

43. *False.* Snakes do not possess hypnotic powers, despite popular opinion to the contrary.

44. *False.* It is not the adult clothes-moth, but the larva, which feeds on our garments.

45. *True.* The singing ability of some mice is probably due to structural modification of the vocal apparatus. Mammalogists have often heard (and even recorded) this curious flute-like trilling in the tones of c and d.

46. *False.* These are among the very worst trees under which to camp, as they have exceptionally brittle branches which frequently break and fall, rendering the camper's life at least uncomfortable.

47. *True.* The Indians discovered this, and modern science tends to confirm it. Experiments indicate that trees "poor in fat" oppose less resistance to the electric current of lightning than do trees which are "rich in fat."

48. *True.* In the wild state, red foxes and silver foxes are sometimes even found in the same litter.

49. *True.* The sound is made by a sudden blowing of breath through the nostrils.

50. *False.* Spiders are indeed beneficial, but they are not to be classified as insects. They are, correctly, arachnids.

RECOGNITION

SASCHA GUITRY and a female companion entered a first-class compartment of a train in which smoking was prohibited. He took out a large black cigar, after observing the smug *bourgeois* who was seated opposite him, and lit it. His neighbor protested and when Guity did not heed his warning he called the conductor. "This man is smoking," he informed that official. "Yes," acquiesced Guity, "I am smoking, but before you receive his complaint will you please inquire if he

has a first-class ticket?" Shamefacedly the man revealed that his ticket was for the second-class car and he was obliged to retire. "But how did you know that he had a second-class ticket?" his friend asked him when the conductor had departed.

"When he opened his wallet a little while ago, I noticed that his ticket was exactly the same color as my own," responded Guity, puffing imperturbably away at his cigar.

—ALBERT ABARBANEL

A NOTE ON IRVING BERLIN

HIS CLIMB TOOK HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP,
TRAILING NOT A SINGLE DELUSION OF GRANDEUR



*Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
Alexander's Rag-time Band . . .*

The American people came and heard. And what they heard shuffled in the Jazz Age, set the shoulders of the world a-swaying.

In 1911, Enrico Caruso was singing the role of Dick Johnson in Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*, Gerry-flappers were crowding the golden horse-shoe, a young lady named Alice Brady—the apple of her daddy's eye—was making a tentative appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore*, E. H. Sothern played Petruchio in *Taming of the Shrew*, McIntyre and Heath, Gallagher and Shean, Julian Eltinge and Jim Corbett were standard vaudeville names.

Bobbed hair, a lady's knee, the Charleston, the doughboys, radio, talkies and *Yes! We Have No Bananas* had yet to make their appearance. Ragtime, jazz and swing were not in the dictionary. Jerome Kern and Cole Porter were un-

knowns. Irving Berlin was just beginning the career that was to make history, even for Tin Pan Alley. Not many years before, at the age of four, he had landed at the Battery, crowded with his family into a Monroe Street basement. In Czarist Russia his father had been a cantor. Here he became a kosher butcher.

"All I remember of the Russia where I was born is the excitement of one terrifying night: I lay on a blanket beside a road and saw the darkness shrinking back from the flames of my burning home. By daylight, the village was ashes."

Today, comfortable and at ease in his East End Avenue apartment, husband to Ellin Mackay, a neighbor to the Astors, the Pieris, the Raskobs and the Tibbetts—the former Izzy Baline remains tops in his business, acknowledged so by his peers. "It's not a question of genius but of luck," he says. "I became a song-writer by acci-

dent." It was his lyrics that brought him, post-haste and somewhat breathless, to tune-making. He took a jingle—*Dorando*—to the Ted Snyder offices, where an official glanced over the rhymes, pondered a bit and looked up: "I suppose you've got a tune to this?"

Berlin gulped and lied. The man behind the desk okayed the words and sent him on to the next room for a music arranger to take down his melody. After an agonizing five minutes, Berlin finally hummed an extemporaneous tune, which a pencil recorded on neatly lined music-paper. Thus was born his first song. He got only twenty-five dollars, but Berlin music was in the air.

Alexander and his Ragtime Clarinet followed the next year. But publishers were skeptical. They said, "No!" Berlin said, "Yes!" They explained the number was purely instrumental, that the chorus was thirty-two bars long instead of the customary sixteen, that the range of an octave and a half was unsingable. "They advised me to forget it," he says. "And I did for a while. But something about the melody fascinated me: I couldn't leave it alone."

The publishers couldn't know that popular music was undergoing a profound, subterranean

change that would soon burst on them with a fury that has not yet subsided. From the expensive bag-nios and cheap bawdy houses of New Orleans' redlight district, strange sounds flowed. Illiterate Negro virtuosi were evolving novel patterns of insinuating, blood-hurrying sounds — angular rhythms that dragged at the feet and pulled against the waist. They dislocated old melodies to make them keep step with the swaying shoulders of abandoned Negro dancers. Deviously, the new music drifted North. Irving Berlin, almost unconsciously, became its mouth-piece.

The Friars' Club—Irving had just been elected to membership—was preparing its first Frolic. Having nothing else, he took his old tune down from the shelf to figure out lyrics. Suddenly it came to him: *Come on and hear, Come on and hear . . .* The rest was simple—made history. Though Alexander's Ragtime Band never existed, it provided the title for the \$2,275,000 movie based on Berlin's musical life which placed him in a class — cinematically speaking — with Marie Antoinette, Henry VIII, Lincoln, Pasteur and Rembrandt.

For years, Berlin depended on inspirational magic, plucked his

songs from the air, from conversations, catch-lines and his own personal yens. His scholastic equipment, his knowledge of the technical problems of composition was completely incomplete. But you could hardly speak to him without bringing out a song. One evening he and a fellow songster decided they needed haircuts and as they strolled into John the Barber's on 45th Street, his friend suggested that later they go out for an evening of unadulterated pleasure. "My wife's gone to the country," he added. "Hooray," Berlin automatically replied. And that's how a song was born.

Those who served during the last war hated the guy who blew reveille more than they did the Germans. Berlin, who was a private at Yaphank, had to get up to the blaring *Ta-tah-ta-ta-ta, Ta-tah-ta-ta-ta*. In the habit of working nights and sleeping until mid-day, he put conviction into his *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*. The trumpeter's call in a popular song caught the ears of a popular song caught the ears of the doughboys and the country.

Alone in Atlantic City to plan out a Music Box Revue, the emptiness of the resort's huge dining room left him nothing to do but scribble on the menu. His doodling and tablecloth scribbling

during the meal became *All Alone*.

Not all his songs came on the fly. "The thing one has to learn," he says, "is to apply the seat of the pants to the seat of a piano stool and keep it there. Most songs are not dashed off in odd moments, or dreamed up during soft slumbers. They are sweat out like most scripts, novels and paintings.

"It's impossible, also, to say which is more important—words or music. A hit song is a combination of both—usually with a range of not more than an octave—and a haunting, unforgettable phrase that sticks in the memory. For my part, I try to give the public what it wants. My success is that I'm no different—no better, no worse—than the people I write for."

★ ★ ★

According to Sidney Skolsky's tin-type, Irving Berlin can't sit or stand still, walks miles in every room. It's his only exercise. He has a form-fitting couch that was designed for him, changed his entire working schedule since his children arrived.

He became Berlin because that was the way the Bowery pronounced Baline. After finishing a song he sings it to the first person he meets. A bell-boy at Palm Beach was the first one to hear *Lazy*. An Atlantic City taxi-driver,

All Alone; a bewildered stranger, occupation unknown, *Say It with Music*.

He never writes anything in longhand but his signature on a check. Everything else he prints. His pet aversions are riveters and second verses. Of his eight hundred tunes, his favorite is *The Song Is Ended But the Melody Lingers On*. Of all songs, he'd like to have authored *The Rosary*. The motto on a portfolio containing all his tunes reads:

Let me be a troubadour

*And I will ask for nothing more
Than one short hour or so*

To sing my song and go.

He's dark, small, ordinary-looking, quick of movement — with oversized ears. He could be taken for the owner of a haberdashery. In public, he's taciturn, retiring—strangers say morose. He seems absorbed in his own thoughts. Actually, he's shy. Crowds frighten him.

At home, he's easy-going, cordial, wrapped up in his work and his daughters. He carries his success casually. He has never worn a diamond, a pearl tie pin occasionally. His patent leathers have more creases than his brow. He's frank and honest, doesn't build himself up to himself. He knows that the barker in the Chinatown

bus still points out Nigger Mike Salter's place on Pell Street, where he was a singing waiter and learned to dodge damp beer cloths. He says he had to marry into society to get back on the East Side.

The stories of his gear-shift piano, which will play in any key merely by twisting a crank, are true. It still makes amends for the boss's lack of education, offsets his inability to play in more than one key. On it, he thumps out his tunes to a stooge who puts down what he hears. While composing, he smokes and chews gum; he does neither when not working. Nothing is more exciting to Berlin than making music, fitting tunes to timely lyrics—as native to us as the hot-dog and baseball—lyrics in the idiom of the sidewalks.

From *Sadie Salome, Go Home*—his comic burlesque of the Dance of the Seven Veils from Salome—to his Armistice Day hymn for Kate Smith, *God Bless America*, he has turned out a more consistent series of hits than any other songwriter. And he's still at it. Right now he's wondering what the new war song will be. Secretly, he hopes to write it. With all the sophistication of the naïve-at-heart, he's still calling: *Come on and hear, Come on and hear . . .*

—CARLETON SMITH

ABOUT LOUIS KAEP

A NOTE ON A CHICAGOAN WHOSE
PICTURES HAVE THE GIFT OF GAB



Belmont Harbor

LOUIS J. KAEP as artist is a realist over and above being anything else — a statement, to be sure, that says so much that it conveys nothing. It would be more practical to arrive at the source of his realism.

To begin with, he achieves his realities with a maximum of economy. He limits his palette to but a few colors and he simplifies his drawing to the point of bluntness. What is left is a great deal: a spontaneity of animation, a vividness of atmosphere and an immediacy of human communication.

He sets out to achieve not, by any means, camera realism but a restless approximation of life. His style would have to be described as sketchy but that is beside the point. A few pertinent slashes of color can result in a delineation more true to reality than the most painfully detailed composition.

Mr. Kaep can paint you an atmosphere that means what it says and says what it means. He is subtle at catching and conveying the spirit of a place. These reproductions are full of recognition value even to those who have



BURLESQUE



RUSH STREET



ELECTION DAY, 42ND WARD

never seen their real life counterparts. Critic Irwin St. John Tucker once commented on a Kaep water color as follows:

"Clovelly I do not know, nor have I heard of anyone who does; but Louis Kaep's Clovelly of the purple roofs, wherever it may be, becomes very near in his presentation. Its square church tower and its distant glint of sea, its gardens and bluff-shouldered hills somehow seem to breathe the very

air of that place and no other."

Kaep has been a Chicagoan since 1919, and his artistic roots have never strayed far from the Middle West, although he has traveled extensively enough. He was born in Dubuque, Iowa, and received his primary school education and first art instruction there. The tree, however, did not really begin to incline in the direction the twig was bent until after he reached college age. While at-



TAXI DANCE

tending Columbia College he noticed that he was subtracting increasingly generous portions of time from his studies for allocation to his sketching. The logical result was that he shortly found himself in one of the classes of the Art Institute of Chicago.

He polished that door so carefully that soon he was the ruler of the class. At any rate, from being a student he progressed, under the tutelage of Frederick V. Poole, to

the position of assistant instructor. He next tried his hand at advertising art, and again the Gilbert and Sullivan formula worked. Within a few years he became one of those glorified creatures known as art directors, though he still preserved his status of fine arts artist during spare hours. Gradually, in the intervening years, he settled into his harness and pulled toward the objective that he has since largely achieved. —B. G.

ADULT BONERS

We Should Laugh at the Youngsters!

WHEN the foreman of a jury in a Greenville, South Carolina, criminal court announced the verdict "Guilty," a lawyer leaped to his feet

and vigorously demanded a new trial. "Just a minute," interrupted Judge Oscar Hodges, "This is not the jury in your case."

★ ★ ★

"DON'T you know the state law says you must stop at all railroad crossings?" Nebraska's highway patrolman Leo Knudtson demanded of a gasoline truck driver who had just speeded over the Rock Island railroad crossing near Superior. "What

railroad crossing?" asked the driver. "I didn't see any tracks." Ordering him to walk back to look, the patrolman found, to his astonishment, that there weren't any. The line had been discontinued the day before, and the tracks had been torn up.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Nobel Prize winner Thomas Mann was due to give a lecture in San Francisco, his backers decided to ask for the use of the War Memorial Opera House because it had the largest auditorium in the city. To their

amazement their request was refused, "because," wrote the Opera House's Board of Trustees after a meeting, "no one present knew what Mr. Mann intended to talk about nor who he was."

★ ★ ★

A LETTER addressed to "Mr. Aaron Burr, Attorney General, New York City," who held office precisely one hundred and fifty years ago, was forwarded by the General Post Office to the present incumbent of that post, John T. Bennet, Jr. It

was an advertisement headed, of all places, Cleverdale, New York, promoting the advantages of a newly opened hotel. Presumably the mailer used the Legislative Manual and got the Burr name from the list of the State's Attorney Generals!

★ ★ ★

THE entire state of California is feeling depressed these days because of a letter to Miss Lois Tomer, of Hanford, from an English school

friend, acknowledging a gift of a box of oranges. "Are these good for eating?" queried the English miss.

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

DR. E. A. SUTHERLAND

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, Dr. E. A. Sutherland sank all his worldly goods into a patch of farmland with a couple of ramshackle buildings, and announced to an astonished world that the buildings were to be a college and the farm its means of support. He rounded up eleven pupils and a few other persons who consented to be called a faculty. He didn't want students able to pay tuition; he wanted those who couldn't afford an education at other institutions. Hours of education were to be traded for hours of work on the farm. Today Madison College, near Nashville, Tennessee, has 400 students, 900 acres, and 120 buildings constructed by students from materials gathered off the farm. A strong religious atmosphere prevails. Smoking and drinking are prohibited. Tea and coffee not made from soy beans are banned. Among the campus industries are the health-food factory, dairy, bakery, broom factory, and the sanitarium, which brings the largest income. Into its 100 beds go a steady stream of patients from all over the country who are dieted on soy foods. Here girls get nurse's training, boys pre-medical work. With its 27 industries, the college pays its way with no gifts, no endowments, almost no tuition, and doesn't owe a dime to the world.



DR. E. A. SUTHERLAND

JANUARY, 1940



JACKSON

MRS. VICTORIA DREYFUS

WHOSE ONE-TON PET IS RATED THE GREATEST OF HIS BREED

BRISK, feminine Mrs. Victoria Dreyfus is the world's only woman breeder of draft horses. A geneticist of wide repute, she carries into her work scientific knowledge, long experience and a great love for animals. She has raised many grand champions, including Koncarcalyps, greatest living Percheron sire, 68 of whose sons head purebred herds. They are direct descendants of the creatures in Rosa

Bonheur's renowned canvas. Mrs. Dreyfus imported her first 50 animals from France's "Perch" countryside. Docile in spite of their awe-inspiring size, they are the type of horse that carried crusading knights (in armor equaling the weight of the kitchen stove) toward the Holy Land. Completely wrapped up in the world of horses, Mrs. Dreyfus rides for recreation, collects antique china equines,



BREWSTER MORGAN

WHO IS HELPING RADIO OUTGROW ITS INTELLECTUAL KNEE-BREECHES

IN TURNING down Joe Miller's reference book as a perfect medium of entertainment, producer Brewster Morgan is helping to bring radio, a jazz-adoring adolescent, nearer to maturity. Considering fallacious the theory that listeners average to the mentality of children, his programs adroitly sugar-coat and dramatize educational features. One of them, *Americans at Work*, brings to the air

men at their jobs in various fields and professions. Morgan went aloft to broadcast with a stunting test pilot, braved the "bends" to catch "sand hogs" at work. Former holder of a Rhodes Scholarship, Morgan prizes his letters from G.B.S., is a steeple-chasing enthusiast. His most gruesome radio experience was cutting off a singer "hanging Danny Deever" to tell of Hauptmann's execution.



HAL MCALPIN

WILLIAM MAHN

**WHO DOES BOTANICAL
PRESTIDIGITATION FOR
MOTION PICTURE SETS**

UNLIKE an ordinary greenhouse keeper, William Mahn, head greenman at Paramount Studio, must be a composite of magician, technician and nurse. He is called upon to supply, sometimes at a moment's notice, flora from every section of the globe. And he must be sure that his botanical sets are authentic in minute detail lest deviations from nature be pointed out to the studio via the mails by hordes of scandalized botanists. The federal and two state governments went to Mahn's aid in furnishing a freight car full of old Spanish moss for *The Buccaneer* sets. Mahn's most difficult task is trying to revive plants suffering from effects of Technicolor lights, which are death to growing things. Recently he devised a green dye which photographs a light, natural shade instead of near black—a boon to the artificial grass and flowers section of his domain. Mahn learned gardening from the late Milton Sills, horticulture professor who turned film star.

MERWIN CAMPBELL

*WHO ORIGINATED THAT
QUAINT WESTERN SPORT,
THE RATTLESNAKE DERBY*

A SNAKE in the grass (literal or figurative) is anathema to most of us; the literal of the species is a thing of beauty to Merwin Campbell. He snares live rattlesnakes for fun and profit, combing Pecos River Valley, New Mexico, for the reptiles. He used to shoot them with a rifle he carried on his oil scouting trips, but that became too tame. With a snake rod of his own design he has, in the past fifteen years, captured more than 7,000 specimens, many of them six feet long. The largest was a seven-footer. And he makes his odd hobby pay. Carnivals and zoos take the live rattlers. Tourists buy whole tanned hides, purses, bill-folds, neckties, belts, hat-bands and jackets made from skins. In 1936 Campbell held the world's first Rattlesnake Derby, now an annual event in Carlsbad, New Mexico, for which he keeps a stable of 200 racing entries, with poison fangs intact. The lucky spectator holding a ticket on the winning snake gets a prize of \$500.



WILL DOWNER



ANDREW EMERINE

WHO TAKES A POSTMAN'S HOLIDAY BY PUTTERING WITH TOY BANKS

IN THE days when thrift was held before the young as a primary and heaven-insuring virtue, there was a quiet but fierce little competition among makers of toy banks. "Still banks" did not, understandably, induce as much thrift as "mechanical banks" (with moving parts, like "The Mikado," above) which grew amusingly ingenious in design. Both types are now collectors' items and Andrew

Emerine, bank president of Fostoria, Ohio, has one of the finest groups extant. They fill a museum, number more than 1,700. Among them are most of the mechanicals, including such exclusives as "Red Riding Hood" and "The Whale and the Sewing Machine." Emerine learned about frugality when he earned money the hard way—harvesting. His busy home machine shop manifests his interest in mechanics.

PLATITUDES FOR 1940

PERHAPS YOU THINK YOUR OWN NEW CALENDAR
COULDN'T BE ANY DULLER, BUT JUST READ ON



I SHOULD like to get out a nice calendar. On each page would be a pretty picture, and an appropriate saying underneath. Here is what I have in mind:

JANUARY

Picture: A man paying bills.

Saying: "This ought to be a good year. Anyhow it can't be worse than last."

FEBRUARY

Picture: People knee-deep in snow.

Saying: "Did you ever see such a tough winter?"

MARCH

Picture: A very windy scene.

Saying: "Well, it won't be long now before spring."

APRIL

Picture: A very rainy day.

Saying: "How long is this rain going to keep up, anyhow?"

MAY

Picture: A suburbanite, gardening.

Saying: "We're really going to work on our garden this year."

JUNE

Picture: A fellow looking at a big

fistful of travel folders.

Saying: "Let's go somewhere different for vacation this year."

JULY

Picture: A nice summer day.

Saying: "Is it hot enough for you?"

AUGUST

Picture: A nice mountain resort.

Saying: "The days are hot, but we sleep under blankets every night."

SEPTEMBER

Picture: Leaves falling.

Saying: "Did you ever see a summer go so fast?"

OCTOBER

Picture: A football scene.

Saying: "They always give me punk seats."

NOVEMBER

Picture: A dark, dreary sky.

Saying: "I shouldn't be surprised if we get some snow."

DECEMBER

Picture: A crowded shopping scene.

Saying: "We positively won't give expensive presents this year."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

A Comparative Study in Industrial Design . . . Comments on Page 125

IT WAS only a few years ago that the modern industrial designer set out on one of the most holy of crusades. He set out to prove to the industrialists that there were profits in his preachments. He proved it. Today he is the pet of industry. On the following pages you get a taste of the now far-reaching influences of the industrial designer. His province is limitless. He designs teacups; he designs skyscrapers. (An architect is the apotheosis of the modern industrial artist.) On each of these pages you find a sample of an old design, and a sample of the great awakening. We tell you which is which. Unreasonably enough, you are asked to tell *why* the designer has done what he has done, *why* he has changed lines and shapes—and why he has, in so many cases, completely upset the old apple carts. It would be inadvisable to score yourself on this particular taste test, unless you are yourself an industrial designer. The layman is hardly expected to know all the answers that the expert designer has arrived at through years of research and trial and error. But if the layman will weigh the logic behind industrial design, he will not merely help smooth its path but assist in directing it into the best channels.



1. *Above is a tea set, any tea set; below is Russel Wright's contribution to the art of afternoon tea. How has Mr. Wright attempted to make the individual pieces in his set "belong" to one another? Why has he omitted all trace of decoration?*





2. Above is a fruit bowl, mail-order style; below is a bowl that Russel Wright has carved in wood. Why is the Wright bowl preferable as a decorative element in the household?



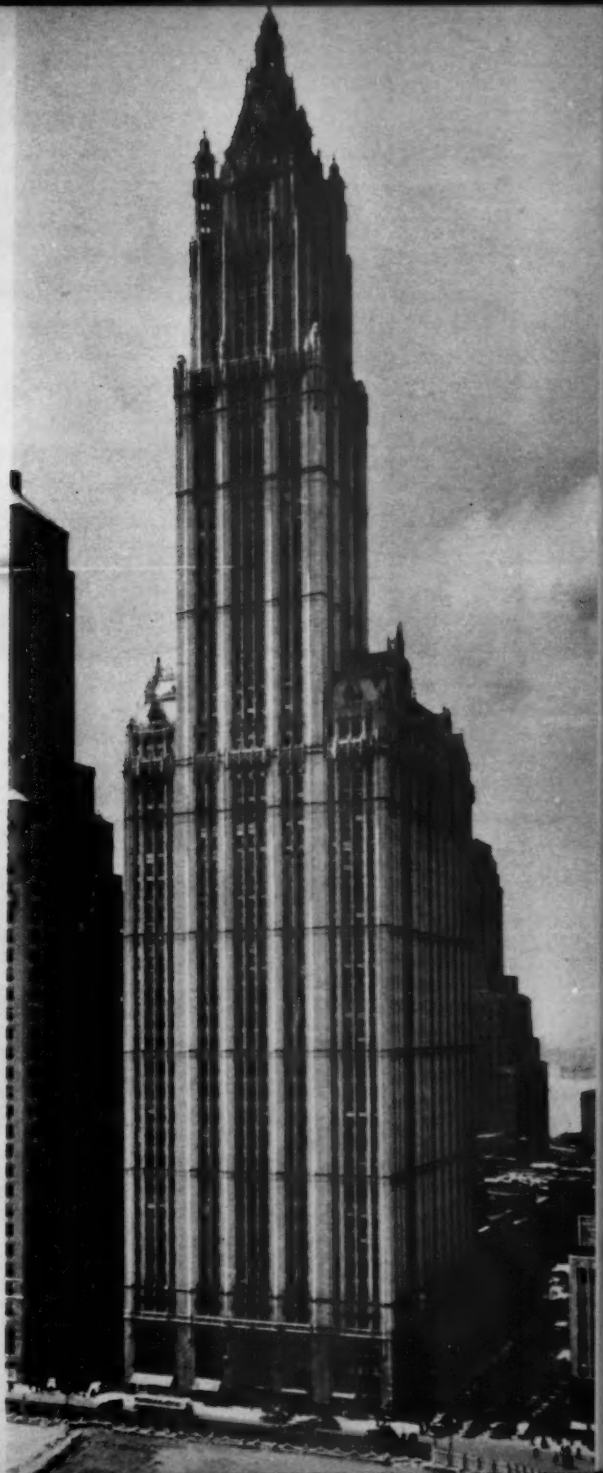


3. *To the right is a commercial honey jar which was submitted to Gustav Jensen for general overhauling. Above is the jar which Jensen redesigned for the company. What is the main purpose of any package on the grocery shelf? Which of these better serves that purpose?*



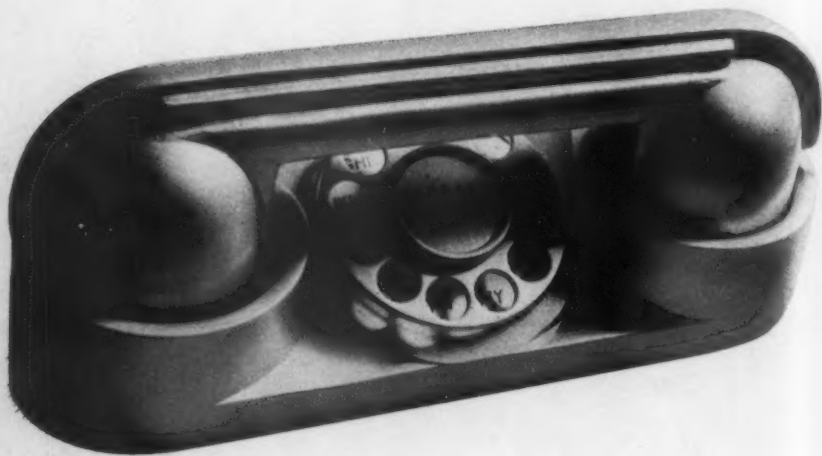


4. *On this page is the Woolworth Building, completed in 1912. On the opposite page is the RCA Building, Radio City, newest of Manhattan skyscrapers. Contrast these two giants and decide what architects have learned about skyscraper design in the intervening years. Why are there no ornaments on the RCA Building?*





5. *Above is a type of telephone in wide use today. Below is one which Gustav Jensen designed and which may some day grace your home. Why does Jensen's phone have more symmetry? What has he added? What has he eliminated?*



GROTIUS: INTERNATIONAL SOLON

FEEBLE THOUGH ITS FLAME TODAY, THE TORCH
OF HUMANITARIANISM HE LIT STILL BURNS



IN THESE days of international warfare, Machiavelli is a household name. Hugo Grotius, on the other hand, was a man of peace, an intellectual genius, a poet and a jurist as well as a diplomatist, sometimes known as the father of international law. But the average man has never heard of him. "The evil men do lives after them—"

Yet Grotius' contribution was not interred with his bones. He was among the first to condemn war as "brutish" and to inveigh against it as an all-important instrument of national policy. His great work, *The Rights of War and Peace*, helped—until the other day—to take much of the needless cruelty out of European warfare.

★ ★ ★

Hugo Grotius, or Hugo de Groot in Dutch, his native tongue, was born in Delft on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1583. He came of good family, and at a very early age displayed such precocity that he

was soon recognized as a prodigy. He was sixteen years old when he took the oath as lawyer and began to plead before the highest tribunals of the country.

The young Grotius spent the fall of 1604 and the spring of the following year in working out *De Jure Praedae*, or "The Law of Spoils," but he did not publish it. Then at twenty-four he was called to the attorney-generalship of his country and, financially secure with the stipend he was paid, he married and settled down.

Later, his country's difficulties in maritime commerce led him to go over his *De Jure Praedae* and to decide to publish chapter twelve of the manuscript. It appeared as *Mare Liberum* or "Freedom of the Seas." Here Hugo Grotius enunciated one of the most important international doctrines:

It is legal for any people to trade with any other people, said Grotius. Navigation is free to all because the air and the ocean, the

media penetrated in the course of navigation, are by nature free and the property of no one country. Nor can trade be reserved by title. For trade has no body and therefore cannot be possessed.

At the time, although acclaimed as the greatest genius in Europe, Hugo Grotius became involved in a religious controversy. The issues affronted men in high places and in 1618 Prince Maurice, active head of Holland, had him arrested at The Hague. The most brilliant mind in Europe was condemned to perpetual imprisonment and his estates were forfeited. On June 6, 1619 the gates of Loebestein, his prison, closed upon Hugo Grotius.

In this prison he wrote, first in Dutch and later in Latin, his *The Truth of the Christian Religion*, one of his most renowned works. Here he also composed his *Introduction to the Jurisprudence of Holland*. He translated from Euripides. He annotated Seneca's tragedies. As far as he could he lived at Loebestein the life of the scholar and thinker that he had been before his arrest.

On March 22, 1621, Hugo Grotius was safe in Antwerp. He had made his escape from Loebestein, with the aid of his wife, and now Grotius went to Paris. The King

of France graciously gave him both a pension and a safe conduct and the jurist started upon a new career. In 1623, living in the French countryside, he began his greatest work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, or "The Rights of War and Peace." The dreadful Thirty Years' War, fought largely on religious grounds, was then raging in Europe.

In June, 1625, more than a century after Machiavelli's *The Prince*, that cold-blooded credo for men of ill-will, Grotius' *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* was published. It consisted of three parts: the first dealt with the right of war and with the different kinds of war; the second was concerned with the various causes of war; the third discussed the course of war, what is permissible in the name of conflict and what cannot be held permissible, and the conventions and treaties by which war is ended.

The book was not entirely original with Grotius, any more than *The Prince* was completely original with Machiavelli. What was important about Grotius' work was that it was written to check Europe's apparently insatiable lust for war, that it pointed the way to a "code," a system of international "ground rules" in warfare, that it dealt a blow to the theory that "All's fair in war." As

such it was the first great challenge to the Machiavellian philosophy.

It is difficult to prove that the book had an immediate effect upon the warriors of Europe. But the work was read and discussed in the chancellories of the continent and it did begin to affect the conduct of warfare. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, "the lion of the North," greatly admired Hugo Grotius and when he was killed in 1632 was reported to have had with him a copy of *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*.

When Hugo Grotius was born his country had been at war; when he died on August 29, 1645 it was still engaged in its struggle for complete freedom. When he was born the sacking of cities, the slaughter of prisoners, the rape and massacre of non-combatants, and the violation of sacred treaty promises were almost everyday occurrences; when he died it was still common practice, but a few leaders were quoting Grotius and beginning to grumble against the

ignoring of the so-called rules of war.

There was no overnight reform but the suggestion that even warfare must abide by a code did take seed. In time it flowered in more humane treatment of the vanquished, in special consideration for non-combatants, in the covenants against particularly cruel forms of warfare. True, the War to End Wars, 1914-18, failed to abide by all the rules—the Kellogg-Briand Pact became a scrap of paper, the League of Nations was betrayed, and the Italo-Ethiopian and Spanish civil wars were fought with fine disregard for humanitarian principles. So, too, the Sino-Japanese War and the second World War which are raging today. But the largest part of the civilized world is heartily ashamed of such barbarity, and to that extent at least Grotius' work has not been undone. Admittedly this is a day when Machiavelli is the better known, but perhaps Grotius' day is still to dawn.—LOUIS ZARA

ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 116-122

1. Mr. Wright has tried to mould all the pieces of his tea set into one integrating line. This line is a combination of circle and curve. All the pieces in this set belong to one another

because this line ties them all together. In the upper tea set, however, if you were to remove the floral design (a rather trite and undistinguished adornment in itself), you would not

suspect that all the pieces came from the same set. In Mr. Wright's set you find the use of a principle which is growing more popular among designers—the absence of any painted design on pottery. The purpose is to let the surface of the pottery speak for itself.

2. The upper bowl is an invitation to trouble. It must first of all be fitted into the proper setting—probably Victorian. Its design is a triumph of disorganization, and the bowl itself can serve very few practical purposes before the wayward hand smashes it, in accident or despair. The wooden bowl, however, can fit into any number of settings and its practical uses are many. Also, it is unbreakable.

3. The prime purpose of a package is to catch the customer's eye. Immediately after Mr. Jensen's new design for this honey jar was put on the market, the sales of this product jumped 25 per cent. When he sat down to this job, Jensen went back to first principles—that a jar must be squat and it must stand solidly. Within this realm he created a shape that stands out on any grocer's shelf. In addition, the prismatic form of this Jensen jar (patented by John G. Paton Co., Inc.) manages to play tricks with the light that shines through, increasing what is known to the trade as "appetite appeal."

4. The Woolworth Building made use of a principle that has since been largely discarded. Its peak and much of its mid-section are loaded with ornament. Designers have since

learned that the naked eye cannot appreciate any rococo which reaches to the clouds. Instead of ornament, the designers of the RCA Building have made use of spotlighting. Notice here the patterns that the lights make on the building. This is only one of many variations. Such patterns, in their bold effects, can be seen for miles.

5. Jensen has taken the three circular elements of the telephone—mouthpiece, earphone and dial—and made of them a co-ordinated design consisting of three circles in complete harmony, joined by a straight line. There is no such co-ordination in the present type of telephone. The prongs which hold the receiver have no relation in line to the rest of the phone. The receiver of the phone, which is shaped like a lizard's back, is unattractive. There is no relationship between the pedestal of this telephone and the receiver. When you lift the receiver, the pedestal becomes a separate and unattractive mass. Both the receiver and pedestal of the Jensen phone (patented by Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc.) are designed to co-ordinate when they are connected, and to hold their own when they are separated from each other. (It is Jensen's fixed belief that a beautiful telephone can do more good for the cause of culture than five or six Metropolitan Museums.) Note how the mouthpiece and earphone of the Jensen phone do not become receptacles for dust and dirt, because they are covered when not in use.

AN ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGE

IF YOU WONDER WHETHER YOU HAVE LINGUISTIC
ABILITY, THIS TEST WILL LEAVE LITTLE DOUBT



THERE is little question that proficiency in mastering foreign languages is a rather specialized knack. An aptitude for a language involves a talent for grasping a rather complicated, but not abstruse, system of rules. This test is designed to test that aptitude by creating an artificial language and asking you to master it within a short period of time.

RULES OF GRAMMAR

The word order is as in English.

Verbs:

1. All verbs are regular.
2. They are made plural by adding "is."
3. They are made past by adding "ip."
4. They are made future by adding "af."
5. Endings denoting plurality are added before endings denoting tense

Nouns:

1. All nouns end in vowels.
2. Nouns over seven letters long are capitalized.

Allow yourself just fifteen minutes to read through the rules, vocabulary, and translate the short paragraph. You may refer to the vocabulary or rules as often as necessary. If you translate the paragraph with five errors or less, your score indicates that you are superior in linguistic aptitude. Correct translation will be found on page 133.

3. Nouns are made plural by adding "t."

Personal pronouns:

1. The stem is "za."
2. "m" is added for first person.
3. "b" is added for second person.
4. "h" is added for third person.
5. They are made plural as are verbs, except that ending denoting plurality is last.
6. To make pronouns feminine, prefix with "fa."
7. To make them masculine, prefix with "ma."

Adjectives:

1. Adjectives can be made from nouns by adding "l."

2. To make adjectives plural, drop the "l" and replace it with "kz," except in the case of numbers.

Adverbs:

Adverbs are made from adjectives by adding "b" to the singular form of the adjective.

The definite article is "gro" and agrees in number with its noun, adding "t" to become plural.

The indefinite article is always "na."

VOCABULARY

Nouns:

ancient	boko
bulb	Sypotha
conversation	Relrapa
egg	fueo
executive	memho
glass	plato
hour	lite
hourglass	Liteplato
instrument	Choplatomo
minute	cenda
neck	dolu
sand	drugno
silver	latema
telephone	Nimrosuri

time	rache
today	tuehe
way	gewe
wife	memfe
world	demno

Verbs:

to be	pur
to compose	atrapic
to cook	saper
to join	kuplazonap
to permit	planz
to measure	druz
to run	whas
to time	teiz
to use	zuf

Prepositions:

from	glanst
in	phit
of	lut
to	atzo
with	chit

Adjectives:

exact	pratzel
rare	hautel
new	veril
small	lempel
three	redi
two	klupe

THE HOURGLASS

The ancients measured time with hourglasses. Two bulbs of glass compose the instrument. The bulbs join with a small neck. The neck permits silvery sands to run from bulb to bulb in an hour.

We (masculine) rarely use an hour-

glass today. Wives use small "hour-glasses" to time the eggs they cook. The small glasses measure exactly three minutes. Wordly executives use a small glass to time telephonic conversations. The world will use the hourglass in new ways.—W. J. GIESE

THE STEWART FAMILY TREE

CHECKING UP ON THE ANTECEDENTS OF ONE
OF THE MOST STORIED NAMES IN GENEALOGY



IT HAS been said upon good authority that anyone whose name is rightfully Stewart, Stuart, Stuart, Steward or Stuard, or who can show one of those names among his parents or grandparents, can assert without contradiction that he is descended from Scottish royalty or nobility. That is, he is descended either from an early Scottish king or from a brother, sister or cousin in some degree of that king—which means that he is entitled to walk up to King George of Britain any time he sees him and call him “cousin.” He may not be able to trace his own family line back across the ocean—most American Stewarts cannot—but he can rely upon its high quality. There was probably never a family in history which managed to get hold of so many titles.

The line goes back to the ancient Counts of Dol and Dinan in Brittany. Alan, a younger son of that house, at the beginning of

the eleventh century crossed to England and entered the service of King Henry I. His eldest son, William Fitz-Alan—which means the son of Alan, the only way they had of distinguishing one Bill from another then—became the ancestor of the Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk. The younger son, Walter Fitz-Alan, looking around for a good berth, decided to try Scotland. He must have been a good salesman, for when he had ridden up to Scotland, he succeeded in persuading David I, king of that wild country, to appoint him Great Steward of Scotland, one of the best jobs in the realm. The Great Steward had the handling of the Crown revenues and the supervision of the Royal household, and in time of battle he was entitled to ride at the head of the army, second only to His Majesty. The place evidently meant nice pickings, for Walter soon became wealthy; and when the Stewardship was made

hereditary in his family, nothing could have been lovelier.

When his grandson, the third Walter, came along, surnames were just coming into style, and Walter, like many another in England and Scotland, decided to adopt the name of his office, profession or trade as his family name. The word steward was always pronounced stewart in Scotland then, and the pronunciation eventually even changed the spelling of the name—though, oddly enough, the final “d” still survives in some cases.

In the course of two centuries the Stewarts had multiplied rapidly and were one of the wealthiest and most powerful families in the kingdom. Fighting off the English was a part of the daily life of the Scots then, and Walter, the sixth head of the clan, at twenty-one led his vassals at Bannockburn, where Robert I (the Bruce or Brus), with only 30,000 men, whipped Edward II and his 100,000 English, inflicting losses equal to Bruce's whole army. In the following year, Walter Stewart married the princess Marjory Bruce, the king's daughter, and their only son later ascended the throne as Robert II. Thus began the Royal Stewarts, to whom for five hundred years the Scots clung with a

sacrificing devotion unequaled elsewhere in history.

The alteration of the name to Stuart came about through the long alliance of Scotland with France. Sir John Stewart (son of the Duke of Albany and ancestor of that Lord Darnley who, more than a century later, married the unfortunate Mary of Scotland) entered the French king's service with a troop of fighting men in 1419 and did such valiant work against the English that he was made a French noble with a large estate, which his descendants owned until the line failed in 1672. The French have no use for the letter “w” in their language, so they spelled his name Steuart, which he shortened to Stuart. The famous Queen Mary also used the Stuart spelling. In her marriage with Darnley, she united two lines of Stewarts; their son became King James I of England and ancestor of the present British monarchs. Queen Anne, who died in 1714, was the last Stuart ruler of England. The really rightful heir to the throne, Prince Charles Edward—“Bonnie Prince Charlie”—and his brother, known as the Duke of York, lived on for many years afterward; in fact, York did not die until 1807. And with him died the last royal Stuart. There

is now living no descendant of the name through the *legitimate male* line—though there is no telling how many are descended through illegitimate sons and daughters of early kings.

Naturally, within two or three centuries after the appointing of the first Great Steward, there began to be many Stewart commoners. Stewarts, gentles and simples, were overflowing into northern Ireland as early as the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth, religious troubles in Scotland forced many more to take refuge there. Thousands of our American Stewarts descend from Irish immigrants whose ancestors crossed the North Channel from Scotland into Ulster long before. Alexander T. Stewart, the nineteenth-century merchant prince of New York—whose big store is now Wanamaker's—born near Belfast, is an example.

James II of Scotland had an illegitimate son, Ninian. The eighth descendant from Ninian, James Stewart, born in Tyrone, Ireland, in 1706, emigrated to Wilmington, Delaware, and became the grandfather of that eminent Confederate commander in the Civil War and later college professor, General Alexander P. Stewart. Though General Stew-

art's royal blood came, as Shakespeare would put it, "something saucily," yet there it was, just as real as if Ninian's mother had been duly married in the kirk, back there in the fifteenth century.

The Stewarts and Stuarts, almost to a man, stood by their kinsman, Charles I of England when he became involved in civil war with his Parliament, and after his execution in 1649 they fought for his son. But Cromwell, the Puritan Führer, in two great battles at Dunbar and Worcester, crushed the hopes of young Prince Charles and brought ruin to thousands of his adherents. Estates were seized, many fled pell-mell to other countries, many taken prisoners were sold as servants into the colonies. Among them were of course many Stewarts who had made themselves conspicuous in the war, and some of these sold into service became American ancestors.

There are Stewarts and others living in America today who can trace their ancestral line indisputably back to a Scottish king, but never through a legitimate, unbroken line of ancestors of the *same name*. If legitimate, the line always shifts to some other family through a few generations. That

is, the male line somewhere failed to reproduce itself, but a female Stewart of that generation married into some other family, and her posterity, after a few generations married a Stewart again.

Such was the case of the late William Rhinelander Stewart, capitalist and philanthropist of New York. He could prove his royal Stewart blood, but his descent came most of the way through another grand old Scottish family, the Gordons. And there are the descendants of Patrick Stewart of Perthshire, too—who, “with six Argyllshire gentlemen and above three hundred common people,” emigrated to the Cape Fear River in North Carolina in 1739. Patrick was twelfth in descent from King Robert II of Scotland, but for two generations his line came through the Campbells. Then Helen Campbell married a Stewart, and there was the old family car back on the rails again, as good as ever. Patrick Stewart’s descendants spread through the Carolinas, into Tennessee and other Southern States, and not a few Americans of many names today proudly trace their tree through him back to Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh.

Seven years after Patrick’s migration, another group came to

the Cape Fear country. Following the Battle of Culloden in 1746, which forever ended Bonnie Prince Charlie’s hope for a return to power of the Stuart dynasty, a party of Stuarts, MacDonalds, MacNeils, MacKays, MacIntyres and others emigrated to America and settled near where Fayetteville, North Carolina, is now. As a matter of fact, the Stewarts who at various times crossed to this country, even those known to genealogists, were far too numerous even to hint at in an article of this length.

Just as an instance, the isolated peninsula of Kintyre, on the west coast of Scotland, sent dozens of them—three sons of Dugald Stewart, a tenant farmer, to Virginia about 1745 from which they pioneered some years later to Kentucky; a much larger party of young Kintyre farmers to settle around Fort Detroit in 1775; twenty-seven more in and around 1830, who settled near Columbus, Ohio, Rockford and Chicago, Illinois, and London, Ontario.

Finally, there are many Stewarts, Stuarts and Stewards in this country whose knowledge of their ancestry stops with some honest farmer, tailor, cooper or cordwainer in our own land in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The

links beyond those grandsires are lost—though the hope that they may eventually be found need never be given up. The Stewart genealogical research is still far from complete.

This great old family has produced many eminent men and women in America. In the Civil War there was on the Confederate side—in addition to General A. P. Stewart, already mentioned—that brilliant cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart; there was Robert M. Stewart, Governor of Missouri in the latter 1850's, builder and President of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad and promoter of other railroads; there were Gilbert Stuart, America's most noted portrait painter, Alexander T. Stewart, merchant, Alexander H. H. Stewart, educator, congressman, and cabinet member under President Fillmore; Admiral Charles Stewart who commanded the *Constitution* in the War

of 1812; John T. Stuart, congressman, first law partner and political adviser of Abraham Lincoln; Moses Stuart, philologist and theologian, Alvan Stewart, abolitionist leader, William Rhinelanders Stewart, the irrepressible Donald Ogden Stewart of our own day and many others.

There is—or was recently, one hesitates to say in these uncertain times that anything is—a Stewart Clan Magazine published at Beatrice, Nebraska. A more pretentious one appears in Scotland, where there are still many nobles and aristocrats who bear the family name. A genealogist calculated in 1929 that there were then more than 418,000 Stewarts in the United States. Run through the city directories and your own memory, and you will find that the descendants of this ancient stock seem to have a peculiar aptitude for being cannie and taking care of themselves. —ALVIN F. HARLOW

ANSWER TO ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGE TEST

Gro Liteplato

Grot bokot druzisip rache chit Liteplatot. Klupe Sybothat lut platot atrapicis gro Choplatomo. Grot Sybothat kuplazonapis chit na lempel dolu. Gro dolu planz latemakz drugnot whas glanst sybotha atzo sybotha phit na lite.

Mazamis hautelb zufis na Liteplato tuehe. Memfet zufis lempekz "Liteplatot" teiz grot fueot fazahissaperis. Grot lempekz platot druzis pratzelb redi candat. Demnokz memhot zufis na lempel plato teiz nimrosurikz Relrapat. Gro demno zufaf gro Liteplato phit verikz gewet.

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

Since the beginning of human records there has been accumulating a file of "unsolved mysteries," of queer stories which the light of day could never quite dispel. Many are of course merely unverified tall tales, but there are others which, after careful investigation, remain "unsolved." Therefore, they are forgotten. From that vast, dark file are herewith presented a few cases.

AMONG the weird collection of Oriental art assembled by the exotic writer, Pierre Loti, stood a mosque which he himself had built. And it was there, on the floor of the mosque, that he found the children's footprints. That was almost at the end, when his nerves were overcharged.

Often he was awakened by raps within the mosque. Others in his household also heard them. Courteline

visited Loti, and heard the raps.

Then one day Loti entered the mosque after the sounds had been heard. There on the floor were the marks of tiny feet. Many times Loti saw the footmarks. No children had been in the room, none could have gotten in.

In 1923 Loti died. Nobody ever concocted a reasonable explanation of the footprints of the "tiny ones."

* * *

THE tale of the man they couldn't hang has managed to maintain its place in the margin of history, but being a bit too incredible, it has a way of appearing only obscurely.

On the grey, raw morning of February 23, 1895, John Lee, convicted of murdering an old woman, climbed the scaffold at Exeter, England.

The bolt was drawn—but the trap did not drop. John Lee was told to step back, and the trap door was tested and found to work perfectly. Again John Lee took his place. And again the trap would not fall.

The trap was tested. The warden stood in the same place as John Lee;

he held on to the rope. The bolt was drawn, and the trap fell as it should. John Lee was brought from his cell, and for a second time climbed the steps no man is supposed to descend.

Twice more the bolt was drawn—and twice more the trap stood firm. The witnesses were becoming fearful of supernatural powers. The sheriff gave up. The matter was referred to the Home Secretary. It was debated in Parliament. John Lee's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. A few years later, and for no apparent reason, he was released.

So runs the tale—only it is not a tale, but absolute, verifiable truth.

IT WAS after an aerial dog fight during the First World War that one of two British planes disappeared into a cloud. The plane was an R. E. 8, being flown by two Australians. When it did not return to the airdrome, two names were scratched off the list and a call was sent for replacements.

Hours later the plane was sighted above its home field. It came down, the motor dead, and made a perfect landing—but no one got out.

The ground crew ran up, shook the motionless pilot and observer. Both

were dead. *They had been dead for hours.* But the plane had flown on, until the gas ran out.

The story is in the British official records. The plane *might* have flown by inherent stability; it *might* have landed by good luck; it *might* have returned to its field by extraordinary coincidence. It is not an easy explanation, but it is no easier to speculate on what happened beyond that cloud. Perhaps that is why it has been easier to let the whole thing slip into the land of the forgotten.



PROFESSOR EDGAR LUCIN LARKIN of California's Mt. Lowe Observatory has always maintained that he was only testing a new telescope that day years ago when he focused it on the slope of far-off Mt. Shasta. He says that he had never heard the legend of the colony from the Lost Continent, that he was completely baffled when he saw golden-domed marble buildings among the pines, saw the trees stand out against sheets of blue light.

He soon discovered that he was not the first man to stumble on the Mystery of Shasta. People in the tiny town of Weeds, located just below Shasta, told him strange tales of white robed figures glimpsed in the twilight, figures that could not be photographed, that vanished into the dusk.

They told him, too, of the unknown force which prevented the curious from approaching too near a certain spot in almost inaccessible country

just east of Shasta. They showed him where a queer bank of fog once stopped a forest fire on a line beyond which the trees weren't even singed.

Train crews on the Shasta Limited gave details of the blue lights they had often seen. "It is the last colony from Lost Lemuria. They escaped to Shasta before their continent sank."

Professor Larkin organized an expedition to investigate. Rough country and bad weather turned it back before it reached the spot where he had seen the golden domes. There were a lot of explanations—none of which explained the facts.

Then public interest died. But in the back country of Northern California the tale remains, revived on nights when the blue glare is in the sky, or when a hunter stumbles upon some strange moss-grown ruin whose stones gleam in the failing twilight.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

A switch in time There has of late — and surely better late than never—been a marked decrease in the frequency with which a certain statement has been made in print, in public speech and in private conversation. The statement begins something like this: "When America is drawn into the war—"

The once mounting tide of opinion that America would inevitably be involved in the European conflict has by now ebbed into a reassuringly feeble wash of murmurs. And this reversal of popular sentiment has, in its gradual way, been the most dramatically encouraging thing that could have happened.

Expert diagnosticians, of course, will point out that we are merely commenting on a symptom. They would want to get at the causes

underlying the change of opinion. But in this instance the symptom happens to take on unusual significance. It doesn't make so much difference why we may think war is inevitable. The mere fact that we do in itself constitutes a serious danger.

It is as true of nations as it is of individuals that an impulse firmly rooted in the mind cries out for action. The hypnotist plants a suggestion and his subject can free himself from its compulsion only by yielding to it. We had not yet gone that far—but we were on the way. Perhaps we were kidding ourselves before, perhaps we are doing so today. But at least we are kidding in the right direction now.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of *Coronet* appears on the 25th of each month.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912 and March 3, 1933, of *CORONET*, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1939, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *CORONET*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Bernard Gels; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 2. That the owner is: *ESQUIRE, Inc.*, Stockholders, David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Weintraub, 5210 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Ramsing Corporation, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Greene, 231 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; Hornblower & Weeks, 40 Wall St., New York, N.Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1939. (REAL) Mabel R. Svoboda. (My commission expires October 9, 1940.)

Looking Forward . . .

*Features You Won't Want to Miss in the
February Coronet — Out January 25th*

Good Eyes for Life by J. C. Furnas—The author of "—And Sudden Death" has here produced an article that is perhaps less dramatic but certainly of at least equal significance. First ask yourself which one of your five senses you would least be willing to part with—and then read this article detailing the specific measures that must be adopted in order to maintain the priceless gift of vision intact.

Starting Life Over Again by Count Ferdinand Czernin—If you are acquainted with a refugee and want to help him out, you could hand him a check for \$100—or you can do him a greater favor and hand him this article to read. It is an exceptionally penetrating analysis of the mental readjustment the refugee must make before he can hope to be happy in America. And more than that, written by a distinguished immigrant who has himself been forced to undergo this mental readjustment, the article contains brilliant comments on "the American way" that every citizen definitely should read.

Skidproof Your Memory by Mark Ashley—The fabulous Addison Sims of Seattle, who could memorize an

entire telephone book verbatim, has by now become something of a stock joke. Mr. Ashley kids him none too gently but at the same time points out that there was method in his madness—that there actually is a practical system for vastly improving the quality of your memory.

My Brother Becomes a Star by Virginia Stewart—Have you ever wondered "how it feels" to have a movie star for a brother? This personal account, by James Stewart's sister, answers that question with refreshing frankness and charm.

Building the Vocabulary by Alison Aylesworth—Vocational studies prove that the bigger a man's vocabulary, the better the job he is likely to hold. This article does not argue the point—but it does tell exactly how to go about the business of improving and enlarging your vocabulary.

The Coronet Gallery of Master Photographs and 20 other features by Louis Zara, Alice Beal Parsons, Manuel Komroff, Robert W. Marks, Thomas Benton, Carleton Smith, Parke Cummings and others.

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